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ILLUSTRATED AND SET TO MUSIE.


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1887.


## Preface.

HE first Christmas hymn sung by the heavenly host foreshadowed the Cross of Calvary; otherwise the chorus of praise had not contained the words "on earth peace, good will toward men."

The world has come to believe not less in Him of Calvary than in the fact there was "born in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

No one, unless prejudiced, can doubt these historical facts. Infidels may declare them to be a myth, a delusive dream, but nothing in human history is better authenticated.

We chant, each year, with our children the song of the angels, and read anew the story of Bethlehem and Calvary without questioning the inspired record.
"Faith at the Cross" doubts not the Christ. Like Toplady's "Rock of Ages" and Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," it is a heart hymn, full of faith - the overflow of a soul filled with the wonders of redeeming love.

Faith is personified. At first she is represented in an attitude of wonderment, while beholding a rugged cross; then of admiration and worship; then as taking refuge in Him of Calvary; and finally as clinging to the cross as her only refuge.

This illustrated poem is sent forth on its mission of love, suitable as a present or Christmas offering, in the hope it may both please and profit every lover of poetry and song.

THE AUTHOR.



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## tHE б HEME.

 auth stool looking at the cross,
(O)Wonबering at oo great a lode;

Naught of good wad in her hand,
Naught of merit could one commando.
Gazing at the rugged form,
@uสひenly did it transform:
©ađeles. beauty wreath'a His face,
Joy came in, and wondrous grace.

$\qquad$
educ bore the cross for men, © pen'ส wile the gate to Heaven;
not my will, but uRine, be done,
(O) Was the victory He won,
(O) Wrestling for the souls He lov'ब,
no realeem them by Hic blood.
Every nation, kindred, tribe, bet us in Hic love abide.

n the cross of Gapivary All the wealth of love of dee; necked in beauty and in grace, el behold thy lovely face; (e) ede now to me io given,

Glorious pledge of life and heav'n.
din thy love, a refuge free, lot me hie myself in eRe.

no redeem them from all sin
© Rat pure life was freely given.
eRis the all-availing plea,
let me hide myolff in the.


h' Groos of Jeeus, lovely now,
(O) Wreath'd in glory, here of bow,
©oker of the @aviour's love,
ভairest pleage of heav'n above;
Now e'm drawn to ©hy embrace,
Aฟ్ర behold ©hy wonarroue grace;
©n my hanad e nothing bring,
©nly to ©fly Grode of cling.


Still.to. Thy Dear Gross I'll Gling.
hou, my Prophet, Priest and King, @till to thy dear cross el ll cling.

Фav’ส, united by fRy grace,
on shall © behold thy face;
Much forgiven, much el love,
© Rus my treasure is above;
@o in aged yet to come,
Slat, ell sing and praise at home.


## Fraith at the Gross.

Words and Music by the Rev. D. A. PERRIN.


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FAITH AT THE CROSS. Concluded.


3 Come draw near, behold the Cross, Emblem of the World's great loss, Sinners ruin'd by the fall Find in Christ their all in all: To redeem them from all sin To redeem them from all sint That pure llfe was freely g Let me hide myselfin Thee.

4 Th' Cross of Jesus. Lovels now, Wreath'd in glory here I bow; Token of the Savior's love. Fairest pledge of heav'n above; Now I'm drawn to Thy embrace And behold Thy wondrous grace, In my hands 1 nothing bring, Only to Thy Cross I Cling.

> 5 Thon, my Prophet. Priest aud King.
> Still to Thy dear cross I'll cling.
> Sard, united by Thy grace.
> Soon shall I behold Thy face :
> Much forgiren, mneh I ove.
> Thus my treasnre is above:
> So in ages yet to come,
> Glad, Ill sing and praise at home.

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